Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

THE HERO.

The cannons all were silent, the bugle ceased to sound,
And many a valiant warrior lay lifeless on the ground;
For night had forced an armistice upon the eager foes,
And all around was quietness, save where the cry arose
From wounded and from dying, or when the war horse neighed,
For man and beast alike had felt the keenness of the blade.
And now a lonely maiden is searching o'er the plain,
For she would find her lover, to kiss if he be slain;
To tend his wounds if wounded, to bathe his aching head;
And still she weeps, for much she fears he's numbered with the dead.
For hours she wanders slowly, and looks at every face,
Till, weary, sad and foot sore, she leaves the horrid place,
But where, oh, where's her hero? For his country has he died?
And was he foremost in the fight—the bravest on his side?
She walked till nearly daybreak, in sad and pensive mood,
When suddenly the lost one before the maiden stood.
Joy! joy! he had not perished! Ere was the fight begun,
The owner of that gallant form had turned about and run!

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE CLEARPOND STAGE.

It had been storming hard all day. The seventeen miles of hilly roadway from Selborn to Clearpond were two feet deep in the snow, which was still falling, and the evening stage was late. It was due in Clearpond at eight o'clock, but the pointer stood at nine in the village "Store and Post-office," and yet the stage had not come.

The store was full, as usual, of men waiting for the mail. There was "the Judge," who had never held other court than that which was now assembled around him, but whose keen wit and solid judgment were well worthy of a higher bench; his Boswell, in the person of "Uncle Cephas," the village cobbler, from each corner of whose mouth issued perpetually a tawny ooze suggestive of tobacco; "the Deacon," a notorious drinker and swearer, but of a severe and dignified aspect; "Gran'pa Billin's," whose kindly smile and venerable white beard gave "tone" to the assembly; and "Banty," the Postmaster, whose real name of Simpkins had been long discarded from common use for the nickname which his small size and strutting manner had earned for him. Beside these there were a dozen young fellows and some old ones, of more or less consequence, the whole forming a company such as every New England Post-office knew well at that time. This was the place to get "the news," as much as the "sewin'-meetin'."

"They do say," remarked the Judge, rolling a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other—"they do say, Banty, that Seth ain't a-gettin' so much as he reely wants for takin' the mail. How is it?"

Seth Plunkett had faithfully carried the United States mail between Selborn and Clearpond for sixteen years.

"Guess it's so," replied the shrewd little Postmater, with a knowing nod.

"I'd like to know," said the Deacon, "What he's a-goin' to do about it. Strike?"

Banty nodded several times impressively.

"Humph!" said the Judge, after a moment's pause. "He'll be a-buntin' his head a-gin' a stun-wall. The Guv'ment's economizin'. Seth won't git no riz this year."

"Think not?" piped in old Uncle Cephas, making a clean path for his words at the expense of his hand. "He ruther expects it. Told me so yesserday."

"He—won't—git—no—riz, I tell you!" repeated the Judge, pounding on the counter to emphasize each word; and the weight of opinion seemed to be on his side.

Just then the door opened, and a pretty young girl, with bright dark eyes and trim figure, peered in shyly through the cloud of tobacco-smoke. Grandpa Billin's was near the door and beckoned to her reassuringly.

"Come in, Hettie," he said. "Stage hain't come."

"You don't suppose anything has happened to Father, do you?" said pretty Henrietta Plunkett, coming just inside the door.

"Law, no!" replied Grandpa Billin's, while from the crowd further in a young man made his way, whose rising color, as he pressed forward, seemed to greatly amuse his companions, one of whom said, with a sly wink; "Pelt Cressy'll tell her the news, Gran'pa. Save yer breath."

Hettie was about to shut the door quickly; but the young man was too close behind her and was soon by her side.

"What are you a-doin' out in this storm, Hettie?" he asked, in a tone of tender reproach.

"I got real scared about father," said Hettie Plunkett. "I stood it as long as I could, and then I started out. 'Tisn't far, you know, Pelt. You needn't go home with me. I ain't afraid."

"Law!" said Pelt Cressy, facetiously, as he made her take his stout arm. "How independent some folks are!" And they walked on to Seth Plunkett's little cottage.

Mr. Pelton Cressy and his sweetheart would have told you that it was but a few moments before the stage came in; but the men at the store knew that it was a long hour, and were glad enough to hear the familiar sound of the stage-bells coming. One pair of quick ears heard them "down ter the bend o' the river;" and soon, with the light from a dozen uplifted curtains in the neighborhood streaming out on the snow-powdered horses, and with a grand flourish of whip and rein, the stage drew up at the Post-office door. Then Seth Plunkett sprang from the high driver's seat, dragging after him the big leathern mail-bags, which always seemed ridiculously too large to hold the Clearpond mail, and burst into the bright light and steaming air of the long, low room.

He wore a great bear-skin overcoat, which was white with snow, and his fur cap and the tuft of whiskers on his chin were still whiter. Everybody cleared the way before the powerful fellow, as he strode to the counter and flung the mail-bag over.

"I tell you, boys," said Seth Plunkett, fiercely and with abundant profanity, turning to the expectant throng, "it's an awful night, and anybody that thinks I'm agoin' to carry this mail over that road any longer for two hundred dollars a year is sold. That's all. I'll be blessed if I will!"

"What is he goin' to do?" said the Judge, as Seth disappeared to "put out his team." "He's driv' stage—wal, it must be nigh onto seventeen year. He ain't used to doin' nothin' else. I s'pose, though he could team it," he added, thoughtfully.

"No," said Uncle Cephas, who laid up every word that was uttered by the great men around him and who was elated at knowing some news. "I heerd him say t'other night that he could run his stage an' make a livin' out of passengers an' sich, an' they could get somebody else to carry their consarned old mail."

"You didn't!" said the Judge, with an accent of unbelief.

"Yes, I did," persisted Uncle Cephas.

"Wal! wal! said the solemn Deacon, whose words were few but weighty. "I didn't think Seth was such a —— fool."

"Jest so," said Grandpa Billins, placidly. He never swore himself; but he felt, perhaps, that the eternal fitness of things demanded strong language from somebody, for he patted his cane softly, and repeated: "I say jest so to that, Deacon, every time. But who'll carry the mail?"

"Dunno," said Uncle Cephas, the regards of the whole company forcing out the mortifying confession. "I heard Seth say that; but I hain't heard no more."

But Uncle Cephas, as well as the rest of the village, knew before the month of December was out that Uncle Sam had absolutely refused to raise Seth Plunkett's salary; also that another stage was about to be put on the road, which would convey the United States mails and also carry passengers.

"Can't neither on 'em pay," said the Judge, in the silence which followed this announcement, when first made by Banty at the Post-office. "Neither on 'em won't pay; but the feller that takes the mail will get the best on't, fur he's got sunthin', sure. An' Seth's got his team to keep, an' all that. Mark my words, boys, Seth'll have to go to the wall."

It was afterward recalled that at this point Pelt Cressy looked uncommonly sober. The fact was that Pelt was one of the best drivers in the section, and had just had offered him by an influential friend of his in a neighboring town—who, however, knew nothing of the internal complications of Pelt's affairs—the chance to run the new stage between Selborn and Clearpond.

Pelt was trying hard to get money enough together to marry Hettie Plunkett. He had a pair of horses, which he had raised from colts, and he had been "teaming it" for a year back; but what he could make in that way was very little, compared with the profits of the stage.

"It'll make Seth mad, o' course," he reasoned, as he walked toward the Post-office, the evening after the foregoing conversation; "but," straightening up defiantly, "he can team it. He's got a better chance than I have. Somebody's got to take the mail. It might as well be me. I'll go right over and see Hettie about it now," he continued, turning toward Seth Plunkett's cottage. "It's got to be settled to-night, and she can settle it."

Hettie was doubtful and finally tearful; but she was at last persuaded by her lover that Seth, finding it impossible to compete with "the Government" would soon retire, more or less good-naturedly, feeling that the gain was coming to the family anyhow, and that he would make almost as good a living at teaming.

"Well," said the yielding girl, at last, wishing sadly that her dead mother was near to counsel her, "you decide it, Pelt; and, if you take the stage, and father is angry and won't let you come here, we'll love each other just the same."

During the second week in January a grand sensation shook Clearpond to its foundations. Pelt Cressy's horses were to draw the new stage, and Pelt himself was to drive them.

The first night after the new movement was inaugurated Seth Plunkett's coach reached the Post-office first. He stopped and settled with Banty for some trifling errands which he had done at Selborn, but his dark looks and irritated manner showed that he was in a savage mood. The mail was what they were waiting for there, and the one who brought it was the man of the hour. Seth Plunkett felt that he was discrowned and dishonored, and before he went to bed that night he made a solemn vow that Pelt Cressy should never have his daughter.

"He's a scoundrel!" said Seth Plunkett, between his set teeth. "He's used me mean, and I'll have none of him!"

This feeling grew day by day, as the stages passed each other on the road or paused at the Half-way House together. Then the feud began to extend. The ladies who went to Selborn to shop rode with the one whose cause they happened to espouse; and, as Seth, though by no means a professing Christian, nominally attended the Methodist Church, while Pelt's family were Baptists, the lines between the two congregations marked pretty definitely the limits of the factions.

Grandma Billin's stopped visiting Mrs. Perkins ("the Deacon's" wife), because the latter had ridden up the river with "that sassy Pelt Cressy"; the Judge was no longer on speaking terms with Banty; even the ministers' wives ceased exchanging friendly courtesies. The village of Clearpond was quite at sixes and sevens.

About this time a lay preacher descended upon the place, and the Methodists were soon in the midst of a powerful revival. The Baptists held off for a while; but soon the ice began to thaw, and by a fortnight after the first "union meeting" the two congregations had so far forgotten their differences that they could worship together fervently and ignore the strife in their midst. Even the rival stage-drivers hurried their horses, so that they, too, could attend the meetings.

The night of the twelfth of March was the most fearful one that the valley had known for years. The snow, which was constantly falling, intermingled with hail, whirled and dashed over the hills and through the valley. The drifts were piled deep and it was bitter cold. A meeting had been called, but such was the fury of the storm that it was given up. Midnight drew on, but the stages had not come nor been heard from.

The crowd at the post-office was smaller than usual, and huddled closely about the great stove. Nobody dared or cared to go to bed, and lights gleamed fitfully from nearly every window in the village.

"O, Lord!" said the taciturn Deacon, with real awe in his voice, as blast after blast rocked the little post-office and the sleet rattled against the windows, "I hope there hain't no harm come to them fellers a-ridin' up the river."

Grandpa Billin's rose as the pointer on the old clock began to get around to one.

"Guess they haint a-comin' to-night," he said, mildly. "Likely they stopped to the Half-Way House for all night."

But no one else stirred, and the old man sat down to wait a moment longer. The spell of a coming calamity seemed to be over them all.

Suddenly they all started and turned pale. There was a hand outside fumbling at the latch. Then a hoarse voice said, weakly, "Let me in."

A dozen sprang to open the door, when one of their neighbors, who had ridden down that morning with Seth Plunkett, stumbled in, more dead than alive from the severity of the storm. They brought hot drinks for him and rubbed his nearly frozen limbs; and soon he was able to say, brokenly:

"Seth's comin', but Pelt's stage is all broke up, down below the bend in the 'straight cut.' Lost the road an' run off. Somebody go fetch two they had to leave, and the horses."

Several men started up to go, and, hastily gathering together such things as they needed, they pushed off to find the wreck, leaving a team to follow.

They had hardly gone when the door swung violently open and Seth Plunkett entered, bearing in his arms, as if it had been a baby, the apparently lifeless form of Pelt Cressy. The village folk had learned the news in an incredibly short time, and came flocking in, in spite of the storm which raged outside, till the store was full. Seth could not speak at once, but he managed to call for the things that he wanted, while some one took his exhausted horses to their stable. Three male passengers had alighted from the coach. Between them they bore the body of a woman. She was one of their neighbors, and was taken to her home near by.

Pelt Cressy was stretched upon a settee by the fire, with a coat for a pillow. They brought snow and rubbed his frozen feet and hands. There was an ugly gash on his forehead and the Doctor announced that one of his ribs was broken.

Under the genial influence of heat and stimulants, however, the poor fellow began to revive, and the white face, which no one would ever have recognized as the handsome young face of Pelt Cressy, showed a little color once more. The watching crowd heaved a sigh of relief.

"He's all right," said the slow old Doctor, counting his pulse. "Better get him home at once." Then he stopped and looked around him in perplexity. Pelt Cressy's home was back on the hills, five miles away. He had boarded sometimes at the tavern. Should they take him there?

Seth Plunkett, who had been sitting in a semi-stupor by the fire, got up at this point with a sort of wrench, and shook his shaggy coat like a colossal dog.

"Take him to my house," he said in a firm voice. "Het'll take care of him."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but silently fixed the young man according to the Doctor's directions, and bore him through the storm to the warm cottage of the Plunketts. There he was laid in Seth's own white bed, and for many days thereafter till he was strong and well once more, "Het" joyfully "took care of him."

The week after the storm the meetings, which had suffered a temporary relapse under the overpowering sensation of the hour, took on a new vigor. One of Pelt's horses had been killed, and he had declared that he never would carry the mail again. So it was finally arranged that Seth Plunkett should take his old place and pay, and harmony prevailed once more among the distracted inhabitants of Clearpond. They could even joke about the furious passions which had divided them only a few weeks before. They could not, however, clearly understand the mental processes in Seth and Pelt, through which these extraordinary changes had been brought about. Nobody but themselves, of course, knew anything about it, and they had been mysteriously silent as to the particulars of their reconciliation. Even the most adroit of the village gossips interviewed them, only to be baffled; but at last it all came out.

Seth Plunkett grew more and more interested in the revival as the Spring wore on; but he was a man of deep feeling and the work of conversion in him was not rapid. He rose for prayers night after night at the meetings. The brethren all labored with him; but he said he "couldn't seem to see no light."

One night, after the elder had made a particularly moving appeal, the last part of which Seth Plunkett had come in in time to hear, the latter rose, with a vehemence which nearly upset the seat in front of him, and began to speak earnestly. The Judge was there, and even the Deacon had stopped in "to see the fun," as he expressed it, and all hung anxiously upon Seth's words.

"Friends and neighbors," said the poor fellow, while the sweat oozed from his temples and trickled down his rugged face, "I've ben a-tryin' and a-tryin', but you know I can't seem to see no light; an' it's come to me, friends and neighbors, that mebby I've got suthin' I orter confess. 'Before men,' you know. I've confessed it to my Maker," and the rough man looked up reverently; "but I hain't confessed to you, an' mebby if I do I'll find that peace they've ben a-tellin' about.

"You see, my friends and neighbors"—and his voice grew deeper and the silence became painful—"you see, I *almost* committed a *murder* last March, only the Lord saved me. I'll tell you about it. You remember the night o' the twelfth o' March? Likely none on us won't never forget it. Wal, I didn't love Pelt Cressy then; I hated him; an' as I see him that day, full o' passengers, goin' out o' Selborn, with his spry, young team, I didn't love him no better. I was cold and cross. It was an awful night, an' it seemed to grow wuss an' wuss. My! How it tore round on the top o' Selborn Mountain! An' when we come over Scott's Bridge it seemed 'sif 'twould go down every minute.

"Wal, I started out considerable ahead of Pelt from the Half-way; but I turned up the Ox-Bow, to leave Edithy Fuller, an' when I come into the road ag'in I couldn't tell whether he'd a-gone on or not. 'Twas all I could do to git along 'thout stopping to look fur tracks. I thought, goin' through the old field, the hosses would give out sure; but they held out good, an' pretty soon we come onto the straight cut. It was a-tearin' through here like a wild-cat; but I sorter thought I heerd a cry, an' I pulled up a minit. Sure enough, it *was* a cry, an' I knew 'twas Pelt. I knew he'd a-run off the bank in the dark an' the storm.

"Wal," continued honest Seth Plunkett, his voice growing husky as he came to the hardest part of his story, "I knew nobody inside o' my stage heerd it. I knew that when we passed the last house—Thatcher's, you know—I was ahead o' Pelt. Nobody could know that he got ahead while I was up the Ox-Bow. *They* wouldn't, or leastways live to tell it," and his voice faltered, "fer I knew they was most gone—the cry was dreffful weak; and I calc'lated they had fell full fifteen feet when the team run off the road, an' that was enough to a-killed 'em, let alone the storm. So, before I could make up my mind to jump off, I stopped a minit, I *did*," said Seth Plunkett, looking shamefacedly around. "May the Lord forgive me! An' says I to myself: 'I'll drive on. Nobody'll never know it. It's their own fault. Let 'em die!'"

Here his voice broke, and he sat down a moment. Then he rose and went on:

"You see, he was my enemy; but I thought over what I'd been a-hearin' in these very meetin's about 'lovin' yer enemies,' an' then it come to me that I was a-goin' to do jest the same as to murder them folks, leavin' 'em to die so. An' 'twas all like a flash, you know; but I seemed to see my Hettie, an' she seemed to say (I've heerd her many times, so proud-like) 'My father never did a mean thing in his life,' an' bless her! an', wal, I got 'em, an' you know the rest." And Seth Plunkett, whose trumpet-like "whoa!" had often echoed the whole length of the village street, sat down, his vast frame shaking with his sobs and his voice as soft and tremulous as a woman's.

Seth Plunkett found "peace" after this and lived a noble and self-sacrificing life. And when, a few years later, Pelt Cressy's parents died, and Pelt took his Hettie and a little Seth back to the hill farm, Seth staid much with them and finally ended there his honest and honorable career.

The Clearpond stage has long been a thing of the past. Locomotives whiz to-day up and down the once quiet valley, dragging their noisy trains; but sometimes, when Hettie Cressy walks along the village street, the old settlers think of her father and of the social crowd at the post-office, with Banty behind the counter and the Judge delivering his sage opinions at the front, and they heave a sigh of regret for "the good old times."—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Cure for Smokers.

"A few years ago I was a most inveterate smoker," said Judge Tyner, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, as he strolled along the beach at Atlantic City. "At that time I thought it nothing to get through ten cigars a day, and often I exceeded that number. The practice played the mischief with my health, but, do what I could, the habit stuck to me, and I decided that it was no good trying to be virtuous where tobacco was concerned.

"Well, I cured myself by a mere accident. One day, while crossing the ocean, I had a severe spell of sea-sickness. I went up on deck in the hope that the fresh air would act as a reviver. Mechanically, as was my habit, I took out a cigar and lit it. Before it was half consumed the sickness came on again. Ugh! it makes me pale to think of it even now. Anyhow, overboard went the cigar, and from that day to this a couple of whiffs are enough to turn me upside down. If you happen to know anybody who wants to let up on the habit, just advise him to take a weed and a dose of sea-sickness together, and I warrant you he will be an anti-tobacco man ever afterward."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Where the Confederate Gold Went.

General George G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, who commanded Jefferson Davis's military escort on his flight southward after General Lee's surrender, has published a letter, in which he ridicules the recently published statement of a Michigan regiment that Mr. Davis had $60,000 of gold in his saddle-bags when captured. General Dibrell says that the specie, which was carried by a train of four wagons and amounted to $108,000, was paid to the troops at Washington, Ga., by order of General Breckenridge. The money was paid over by Major E. C. White, the senior Quartermaster present, and each officer and soldier received the same amount—$26.25. General Dibrell adds: "Major White, after the payments were all made, handed me a report in writing of the amount received by him and the payments made to each command, showing how he had disbursed the $108,000. This report I brought home with me, but have lost or mislaid it. Major White was a citizen of Anne Arundel County, Md., but of late I have been unable to learn his address."

—During his recent visit to Canada to "cool off," Gen. Sherman is quoted as saying to a Goderich, Ont., reporter: "I have always wanted to see the Canadian peninsula annexed—that is, that part of Canada from Montreal to Georgian Bay westward to the lakes. It would make a splendid State. It's the only part of Canada I would like us to get; they could keep the rest."

The Republican Break-Up.

During the two Administrations of Grant the country was told by one faction of the Republicans, now known as the half-breeds, that the stalwarts were responsible for the misconduct of those Administrations, and that all would be changed when the reforming Republicans came into power. The stalwarts were defeated in the Republican National Convention of 1876 by the nomination of Hayes. Hayes was beaten at the polls by Tilden, but Hayes was nevertheless inaugurated as President. What happened after March 4, 1877? The bayonets were withdrawn from the Southern States. That price Mr. Hayes was compelled to pay for a ratification of the action of the Electoral Commission which fraudulently counted in the Hayes Electors and fraudulently counted out the Tilden Electors by a vote of eight Commissioners to seven, General Garfield being one of the eight. A majority of the heads of the departments appointed by President Hayes were as hostile to President Grant and his Administration as the latter had been to the Administration of Andrew Johnson. Under President Hayes all the executive departments displayed persistent ill-will toward Grant and the stalwarts. Mr. Conkling and his friends were bitterly proscribed. The Hayes Administration put the ship of state thoroughly on the half-breed track, so far as that could be done by the Executive. The outcome is partly to be seen in the Star-route frauds and in the frauds which have been already uncovered in the Treasury Department. Already two Republican journals in this city, now under the control of two prominent members of the Administration of Hayes, have loudly commended the Garfield Administration for what it has done in the way of exposing the frauds perpetrated under Mr. Hayes and in the way of "reforming" the executive offices.

In the Republican National Convention of 1880 the stalwarts rallied to their flag 306 members, but by a combination of the friends of all the half-breed candidates on General Garfield he was finally nominated and, in accordance with the practice of Republican National Conventions ever since 1864, a political enemy of the candidate for the first office was nominated for the second place on the ticket in the person of General Arthur, in order to make sure of "the spoils." The half-breeds having intentionally put a stalwart—an opponent of General Garfield and a supporter of Mr. Conkling—on the ticket in order to get the goodwill of the stalwart "workers," now since the election, denounce General Arthur because, in the subsequent faction struggles inside of the Republican party, he has acted as a stalwart and with the stalwarts and against the half-breeds. The theory on which Republican National Conventions, ever since Lincoln's second nomination, have constructed their tickets, has been that the Vice-President was to be expected to antagonize the President. Andrew Johnson was hostile to Lincoln just as Arthur is hostile to Garfield. A really honest half-breed Republican Convention in 1880, really inspired by principles and not by a mere greed for the spoils, would have insisted that the candidate for Vice-President should be a half-breed and a friend of General Garfield, and not a stalwart and friend of Conkling like General Arthur. Party trading and dishonesty at Chicago in 1880 produced their natural consequences of party troubles in 1881. These party troubles were intensified by the indignation of the stalwarts at the breaking of the pledges of General Garfield made during the campaign at the Fifth Avenue Hotel conference, and by the fact that the stalwarts had chiefly provided the funds which were used to carry Indiana, as General Arthur so emphatically admitted at the Dorsey dinner. Immediately after the Cabinet of the new President had been announced the public was startled by an exposure of certain things done by Mr. Windom in connection with the wrecking of the Northern Pacific Railway and for the benefit of holders of certain "old proprietary shares." Mr. Windom having been appointed Secretary of the Treasury and having ostentatiously "posed" before the country as a kind of St. George bent on slaying the Dragon of "railway monopoly," whatever in practical affairs "railway monopoly," may mean. The Senate was convened in an extra session. Both President Garfield, leading the half-breeds, and Mr. Conkling, leading the stalwarts, made haste to curry favor with the Repudiationist Mahone, and a coalition was finally made with that Senator on a basis of "spoils," the terms being that Mr. Mahone should vote to give the committees of the Senate into the control of the Republicans, and that the united stalwart and half-breed Republican vote should make Mahone's friend Riddleberger Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. Mahone executed his part of this immoral and disgraceful bargain, but the Democratic Senators prevented the execution of the other part of the agreement into which Republican Senators had entered in order to divide the power and the spoils of the Senate between themselves and the Virginia Repudiators. A number of offices and a great deal of small patronage rest in the hands of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. He is the chief fountain of the salary spoils of that body, and the Republican members of the Senate were willing to empower Riddleberger to make general removals and to appoint or hire new men in place of old and well-trained servants of the public if Mahone would only vote to give a majority of the Senate committees to the Republicans. The country has not forgotten the general feeling of shame with which decent men of all parties heard of a certain basket of flowers sent from the White House and placed on the desk of Mahone after he consented to enter into this trade for the spoils of the Senate. And what shall be said of the removal by the Administration of such public officers as Merritt and Phillips which so quickly followed? Can any one pretend that Chandler and Robertson were nominated for any other reason than as part of a plan to gather up the "spoils" into the hands of the half-breeds? How can those nominations or a great part of the removals which followed be reconciled with the utterances of General Garfield in favor of Civil-service Reform? What President ever plied the "spoils" system within a few weeks of his inauguration more viciously or vigorously? To what other end than party plunder was the effort made to expel Mr. Phillips from the Law Department of the Government? Did the stalwart Administration of Grant attempt anything more indefensible or scandalous? When Mr. Conkling thereupon resigned the Senatorship and bade Platt do likewise is one of the mysteries not yet revealed unto men, but that act at least brought to the surface at Albany the real spirit and purpose of the Administration and the political rottenness of the Republican party! In the good old days when the Democratic party and the Whig party divided the land between them such things as have happened in Washington and in Albany since the 4th of March last would have been simply impossible. Why have they come to pass in this year of grace 1881? Because our politics have been permitted to degenerate since the civil war into organized conspiracies to obtain official employment and to plunder the taxpayers in order to maintain an army of political tramps who shall stand behind and around the boss from whom they receive their orders. Until the Whig party died did any New Yorker ever witness the spectacle of a candidate for the office of Senator from New York in the Congress of the United States presenting himself in Albany and asking Assemblymen for their votes? Would such a speech as that made by Vice-President Arthur at the Dorsey dinner, would a public dinner to such a man have been possible five-and-twenty years ago? The origin of all this political degradation is plain. The Republican party has held the executive power of the Nation for twenty years. Up to the 4th of March, 1877, that power was conferred by an honest majority of electoral votes. Since 1877 that power has been fraudulently acquired or corruptly bought. What Judge Black told the Electoral Commission would come to pass if that Commission falsified the returns has come and is coming to pass. The mills of God have begun to grind at last. They will grind exceedingly small.—*N. Y. World.*

The Democracy and the President.

For the past month the country has been remarkably free from political excitement. Partisan discussion in or out of the newspapers has been almost entirely suspended. With the exception of that miserable Senatorial contest at Albany, which lapped over into the recess, the politicians have for the most part been upon their good behavior.

This unusual quietude, hitherto unprecedented in our history, needs no accounting for. It was brought about by a popular solicitude, intense and genuine, for the head of the Government, in his fateful and uncertain struggle for life, and it will continue, with more or less intensity and an equally patriotic genuineness, until his condition is pronounced no longer dangerous.

That there will be any literal "era of good feeling" following the President's recovery is not to be expected. The millennium in American politics is not near at hand, but it is very possible that the antagonisms of the near future, such as are customary between the party in power and the party out of power, may be less rancorous and bitter than heretofore.

There was a most amicable understanding, entirely spontaneous and disinterested, between the Democratic party and the Administration even before the attempted assassination. It is certainly none the less now. As Mr. Seymour said the other day at Utica, the assault upon the President has induced "a still more kindly feeling towares him" among Democrats of all sections; and that this will continue until broken in upon and dissipated by some new and unexpected partisan action on the part of the Administration itself, there is every reason to believe.

The Democrats will precipitate no war upon the President so long as he exercises his magisterial power fairly, wisely and with a just regard to the interests of the whole country. They will support his Executive prerogatives against factious interference with the same readiness that they would rally to the protection of his person against assault.

It lies a great deal, therefore, with the President how long and to what extent the "era of good feeling" shall be prolonged. With the dissensions of his own party we have nothing to do, except to profit by them as they afford the opportunity; but he can depend upon the sympathy and support of the Democracy in every effort to lift his Administration out of the ruts of partisanship to the high plane of the public good.—*Washington Post.*

POLITICAL ITEMS.

—Wan Koon, recently of the Celestial empire, now conducting a laundry at Columbus, has married an Ohio girl. He has not yet decided what Consulate he will take.

—A granduncle of an ex-Vice-President of the United States has died, and his will discloses that the ex is a beneficiary. Practically, the will runs: "Pay S. C., or bearer," $1,000.

—Mr. Conkling is to have his public documents free until December 31, next, says a generous Postoffice Department. After that he must get some Senator, who knew enough to hang on to his office, to frank them to him—or go without.

—The Republican press do not like to have Guiteau referred to as a Republican assassin, a Republican cut-throat, a Republican whelp, etc. But it must not be forgotten that Guiteau was and is all of these, and much more in the same direction.

—The Steubenville *Gazette* intimates that the Republican talk in Ohio about the Democratic candidate's "bar'l" is made for the purpose of frightening Foster into greater freedom of expenditure than he has shown any disposition for. 'Tis very like.

—Mr. Roscoe Conkling announces that he no longer "takes any interest in politics." He is like the Yankee who was boasting of the licking which the British got at Trenton and The Cowpens; but when he was asked about White Plains, he replied: "Well, our folks didn't seem to take no sort of interest in that fight."